Percy. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his
health of you.
Nor. Why is he not with the Queene?
Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and dispers't
The Houshold of the King.
Nor. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when we last spake together.
Percy. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traytor.
But he, my Lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Barkely, to discover
What power the Duke of Yorke had levied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Ravenspurgh.
Nor. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy?)
Percy. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did looke on him.
Nor. Then learne to know him now: this is the Duke.
Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme
To more approved service and desert.
Bul. I thanke thee gentle *Percy*, and be sure
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with my love,
It shall be still thy true loves recompence,
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seales it.
Nor. How farre is it to Barkley? and what stirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his men of warre?
Percy. There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*,
None else of Name, and noble estimate.

Enter Rosse, and Willoughby.

Nor. Here comes the Lords of *Rosse*, and *Willoughby*,
Bloody

Bloody with spurring, fiery red with hast.
Bul. Welcome my Lords, I wot your love pursues
A banisht Traytor; all my Treasury
Is yet but unfelt thankes, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your love, and labours recompence.
Ros. Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.
Wil. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it,
Bul. Evermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

Nor. It is my Lord of *Barkely* as I guesse.
Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
Bul. My Lord, my answer is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seeke that name in England,
And I must find that Title in your Towne,
Before I make reply to ought you say.
Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *Yorke*, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with selfe-borne Armes.

Enter Yorke.

Bul. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in person. My Noble Vncle.
Yor. Shew me thy humble Heart, and not thy Knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false,
Bul. My gracious Vncle.
Yor. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vncle me,
I am no Traytors Vncle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have these banish'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'd once to touch the dust of Englands Ground?
But more then why, why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peacefull Bosome,
Frighting her pale fac'd Villages with Warre,